

The Historie of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his folies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a diall point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lustie instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

Henry the fourth

For heauen to earth, some of
A second time do such a courtesie
*Here they embrace, the trumpet
power, alarme to the battell
ter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that
What honour dost thou seeke?

Doug. Know then, my name
And I do haunt thee in the battell
Because some tell me that thou

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Staffor
Thy likenesse, for in stead of th
This sword hath ended him, so
Vnlesse thou yelde thee as my

Blunt. I was not borne a yeer
And thou shalt find a king that
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglas kills Blunt.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Sc

Doug. Als done, als won: here

Hot. Where?

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I kn
Agallant knight he was, his na
Semblyably furnisht like the king

Doug. Ah foole, go with thy
A borrowed title hast thou bou
Why didst thou tell me, that thou

Hot. The king hath many m

Doug. Now by my sword, I v
He murther all his wardrobe, pie
Vntill I meete the King.

Our souldiours stand full fairely

Alarme, Enter Percy.

Fal. Though I could scape
shot here, here's no scoring but v
for Walter Blunt, ther's honor for

For